

BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

MIDDLE-CLASS GIRLS AND MATRIMONY.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"Isn't this life like Heaven!" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, jabbing the pins through the roses in her hat with a vicious little lunge.

"Heaven!" protested the Mere Man, regarding the discontented face reflected in the mirror with surprise.

"There's no marrying nor giving in marriage," she declared with tragic finality.

"Who said that?" demanded the Mere Man, as he opened the door and they passed out into the winter afternoon sunshine.

The Bachelor Girl's blue eyes opened wide with reproachful astonishment.

"Nobody," she returned promptly. "Do you suppose anybody would say it? We only think it and know it. We keep it hidden away down beneath our stays and our shirt waists and our jabots; just as we keep the hole in the tablecloth hidden under a dolly and the spot on the wall hidden under a picture; but it's there nevertheless, and she walked along so rapidly that the Mere Man had to change step twice in order to keep up with her."

"And yet," she sighed thoughtfully, "within the past year more good, wise men have been led to destruction to the altar by their stenographers."

Their stenographers! repeated the Bachelor Girl, turning on him with an impatient little frown of her chin.

"Of course. They're working girls. Working girls marry—sometimes," she conceded doubtfully.

"And more little dukes and counts and things have been hunted down and captured by rich maidens—"

"Of course," broke in the Bachelor Girl, "the rich girls snap up all the matrimonial prizes! That's part of the trouble. Why is it," she went on, pathetically, "that while settlement workers are struggling for the advancement of the working girl and all the popular novelists are dissecting the psychological problems of the society girl, there is not a single champion, not a single voice lifted in protest for the middle class girl—for the girl who is stranded on a social island, between the sea of hardship and drudgery and the river of luxury and discontent; for the girl who has neither the necessity nor the training for earning her daily bread, nor the time and money for the pleasures of society? Isn't the world full of them? And aren't they, as the women who are most eminently fitted to become mothers and housewives, worthy of consideration?" and she shook her chin indignantly that all the little silver trinkets rattled in protest.

"Don't blame me!" begged the Mere Man, anxiously. "If I had my way, I'd marry them all. It isn't my fault that there aren't enough husbands to go round."

"And yet," said the Bachelor Girl, looking at him scornfully from under her rose-wreathed hair, "you haven't even married one. You haven't even done your share, nor—"

"I give me time," pleaded the Mere Man. "I'm going to marry one, but I've got a right to choose which one; and if the one I want won't—"

"I suppose you think," interrupted the Bachelor Girl hastily, "that I'll deny it?"

"Deny—what? My perfectly evident, open-faced adoration—"

"Your perfectly open-faced, indelicate statement, that there aren't husbands enough to go round," corrected the Bachelor Girl.

"There are modest, feminine things which would deny it," admitted the Mere Man gently.

"Just as they'd deny their ages or the powder on their noses or the number of their shoes," rejoined the Bachelor Girl promptly. "But down in her heart of hearts every one of them who has struggled her way to the altar or failed to do so knows that it is true. The day has passed when getting a husband was only a matter of time, luck, and attractiveness. It is now a matter of who gets there first, of who can snatch the matrimonial prizes. And in the great game of grab-bag the middle class girl doesn't stand a single chance. While she sits at home waiting the society girl is carefully skimming all the cream off the husband market, and the working girl is quietly sipping up most of the milk."

"As for that," said the Mere Man with complacent dignity, "a society girl possesses—er—solid attractions."

"What?"

"Money," explained the Mere Man succinctly, "and opportunities. You can't blame a chap for having his head a bit turned by a pretty, gilded girl, with whom he is thrown, under the most favorable circumstances, with whom he rides in the morning, golfs in the afternoon, and dances at night; whose whole campaign is set to an accompaniment of music and flowers and soft lights and good wine. Besides, let's face it, she died of conquest. If she fails to acquire a nice congenial spouse of the home variety there are the matrimonial bargain counters of a dozen other countries all waiting for her to choose from. And if there are not enough men in her own set to go round she has only to dig a little lower and extract the best eligibles from the class next beneath her—my class—the 'poor but worthy'—and the Mere Man glanced at himself in a shop window with a self-satisfied expression.

"And that's what you're all waiting for," retorted the Bachelor Girl, scornfully. "Every fairly good-looking man is hunting for a rich wife nowadays."

"Money," said the Mere Man, gently, "is like a chiffon veil. It covers a multitude of sins and adds an allurements all its own. Besides," he added, "it's just as easy, you know, to fall in love with a nice rich girl as with a nice poor one—especially when we are invited everywhere and always so cordially welcomed by matrons in search of dancing partners for their guests. But," he went on, "what's all this to you? Where do you come in?"

"I?" The Bachelor Girl turned on him with uplifted eyebrows. "I don't come in at all, Mr. Porter. I am not a rich girl, nor a poor girl, nor a working girl; I'm a bachelor girl."

"Oh, well," returned the Mere Man, hastily. "But where does the working girl come in then? How does she get an opportunity—"

"Come in?" cried the Bachelor Girl, dramatically. "She comes in between the middle class girl and everything that's left. And, as for her opportunities; her chances in life are far better than those of the girl in 'comfortable' circumstances. She may have to struggle for a living—she has to. And when she doesn't marry, she has something to fill up her time and make her forget that life is passing her by—without a kiss; that her arms are aching for children and her heart for a home; and for just a half moment the Bachelor Girl's eyes wandered dreamily out across the afternoon crowd and gazed into space. "Besides," she went on, smiling after a pause, "a working girl nearly always does marry. She is thrown with men, quite as freely as the society girl. The shop girl, the stenographer, even the chorus girl is never out of touch with masculinity. It's contact and propinquity,

which engenders love. And who has a better chance for obtruding herself into a man's sight and insinuating herself into his heart, than the woman whom he meets all day and every day? Even Bridget, the 'Irish girl,' and she waded her chaste-laine dramatically, "has her daily flirtations with the groceryman and the ice-man and the butcher. Even Elsie, in the boudoir, must come in contact with William, the butler, and James, the coachman. Even Tess, if you're the factory, must take orders from John, the foreman. They don't have to sit at home and wait for fate and a man!"

"Molly," said the Mere Man sternly, "you have been reading yellow novels. Is it 'Sally, the Beautiful Shop Girl,' or 'Cora, the Fascinating Cloak Model—'"

"Well, they are fascinating!" broke in the Bachelor Girl, blushing. "All working girls are fascinating. Any woman is more fascinating when she is doing something which calls forth her energies and brings out her personality than when she is merely sitting at home—and waiting."

"But," said the Mere Man, cheerfully flicking his cane, "even after the society girl and the working girl have absorbed all the cream and the milk there must be something left."

"The curds!" The Bachelor Girl spoke with the scorn of Antony denouncing Brutus.

"The dross and jetsam, the broken sticks that float in to one's fireside—let me be entertained and made comfortable; the seaweed on the tide of life, the leftovers."

"It's a nice afternoon," remarked the Mere Man, gazing thoughtfully at the sky. "Too nice to waste in worrying over other people. Let's change the subject—or else come down to facts and details."

"To—what, Mr. Porter?"

"To me—"

"I beg your pardon."

"And you—what are we going to do about it? If you're not a rich girl and can't get the cream, and not a working girl and haven't a chance at the milk, and not a stay-at-home girl and don't like curds, you ought to snap at the chance I'm giving—"

"Oh, you're not the only chance, Mr. Porter," interrupted the Bachelor Girl with a toss of her chin. "And, besides, I'm different."

"All girls are," sighed the Mere Man. "I'm already pledged—"

"What?"

"To my art. A woman with an art shouldn't marry. It isn't fair to the art or to the man."

"No. You can't do two things well at once," agreed the Mere Man.

"So I shall forego matrimony," declared the Bachelor Girl.

"For what?" demanded the Mere Man. "For a notion that it's nobler to dabble in paint than in dish water? For a distorted idea that the world needs more pictures on its walls?"

"No," began the Bachelor Girl, "for—"

"For a cold proposition, and a cold studio, and cold coffee?"

"No, no, no."

"For a cat and a parrot?" finished the Mere Man scornfully.

"No," returned the Bachelor Girl softly, "for—a little while."

BRACELET BAGS.

These are a fascinating little novelty. They are made of lovely tapestry, shirred on two rings which slip over the wrist like a double bracelet. These rings are of rosette, studied with jewels. The bag itself is beautifully lined, and contains shirred pockets for vanity case and pocketbook. This quaint and artistic little bag—the price of which, by the way, is a little less than \$75—when opened, spreads out quite flat.

THINGS YOU WON'T REGRET.

From Home Chat.
Believing in mankind.
For hearing before you judge.
For being candid.
For thinking before speaking.
For disregarding gossip.
For owning yourself in the wrong.
For bridling your tongue.
For forgiving your enemy.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

What is a girl to do when she detests housework and her father insists upon her working at home instead of making her way in the business world? That was the question asked of me recently, and the answer was not satisfactory. I could not see why any capable person, with no particular talent, should prefer an outside life when there was a home with all it means of independence to take up her attention, and I said so.

It would be a good thing for humanity in general if matters could be shifted a bit to allow home-loving women who have to earn a living to exchange places with those who see happiness in going each day to a round of duties that recognize neither the call of sickness nor the discomfort of weather. A young woman, dead tired of fitting heavy coats to all kinds of figures, expressed her desire to take the place of a fickle housemaid, just for the comfort of a shelter in stormy weather and good home cooking, and I have heard breadwinners without number sigh for a home life with all its drawbacks.

Perhaps women never know when they are well off. At all events, some who are earning an ample allowance by taking care of a father and brothers in fine homes are thoroughly dissatisfied with the life they lead. I imagine the fault lies, partly, with the lack of training from childhood. Usually those who begin the cultivation of domesticity in childhood end by having real fondness for housework. But it is the fashion to despise it, so we all proceed to follow the fashion, at least, most of us are fashionable in that manner.

Doctors say that the maintenance of a home is the best possible form of exercise, and that the steadily growing idea of specializing has a bad effect upon health. One of the professions prescribed general housework for a cook and also for a stenographer who had broken down under close application to business in an unhealthy atmosphere. Both followed his advice with happy results, although the former declared that she never knew what real hard work was till she accepted her new position.

There is a host of women who do the work of their own homes through choice, women who have reduced housework to a science, are supplied with all modern appliances, and can find nobody to do the work to their satisfaction. They refuse to call it drudgery, and regard themselves as very fortunate women to escape the thralldom of modern domesticity. When they need assistance they hire it by the hour, and that time is when they have company or are ill.

The up-to-date apartment is easy to care for. There is a janitor to remove the ashes taken from the kitchen stove and bring whatever fuel is needed. Sometimes there is a gas range, exceedingly convenient, but hardly as economical as a coal range. Heat is supplied and windows are washed and rugs beaten and swept by the janitor as a side issue. The money paid for such services is well invested.

As I have said before, dish-washing need be done but once a day. If dishes are cleaned with the pliable blade of a palette knife, they can be put away in neat piles and washed as one task. There are dish-washers which save the hands and require no towels in drying, the dishes being rinsed and left to dry. One friend told me that the castles of Ireland, the part from which she hailed, were supplied with ideal kitchens, equipped with racks where dishes were left to dry. The china and glass were of the finest kind, and there was a large quantity in both, and this process kept the pieces bright. Why do we still cling to the dish towel?

BETTY BRADEN.

West Prosperous, Says Hill.

James J. Hill again emerges with the cheerful remark that the Great Northern Railway is moving 1,000,000 bushels of wheat daily, East and West, while its traffic in general is taxing its facilities to the utmost, and will advance its gross earnings for November not less than \$750,000. There may be a shortage of ready cash, but there is evidently no deficiency either in crops or railroad business in the region of which he speaks.

A COAT FOR A LITTLE MAID.



2728

Cool days mean warm dressing for the small folk, and an indispensable garment is the coat. The model shown is very smart and practical, and quite simple to make. It is cut in box effect in front, while fitting loosely in the back, and has two-seamed coat sleeves, inset pockets, and a choice of shawl or notched collar. The coat is sufficiently wide at the lower edge to allow for the flare of

the skirt beneath it. Broadcloth, melton, serge, or cheviot would serve nicely for making, 14 yards of 54-inch material being needed for the 8-year size. Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years.

This pattern may be obtained by enclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 724 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (2728) and size wanted.

GIVE CUPID A CHANCE

Chicago Girls Plan Clearing House for Sweethearts.

WISH TO PROMOTE MARRIAGES

Club Appoints Qualification Committee Which Looks Up Record of Applicants for Membership and Brings Together Many Young People Who Otherwise Might Not Meet.

A clearing house for Cupid, with a State superintendent of public instruction, and a judge of the Municipal Court championing its cause, has been organized by the daughters of wealthy families of Oak Park, Ill., a fashionable residence suburb of Chicago.

Dearth of opportunities for choosing husbands, together with what is denominated inartistic courting in Chicago, is responsible for the establishment of the clearing house. It is proposed to remedy conditions with all possible speed.

The educator, who declares Chicago's young men and women know nothing about the fine art of love-making, demands that courtship be taught in the public schools, "just as arithmetic is taught."

He declares such a course is a necessity. The jurist demands the enactment of a law governing courtship. He says that kind of law would abolish the crime of wife desertion.

The girls who are back of the movement, which, in reality, is intended to rob the divorce court of patronage, plan to "get acquainted and help other young women get acquainted" with "lots of young men," so that each may have a better chance than formerly to find her affinity "before marriage, not after."

In this effort to enthrone the deity of love in a city that is notorious for the great number of its divorces, Miss Jewel Busse took the lead. She is not related to Mayor Frederick A. Busse, but is the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer. She has a dimple in either cheek and a twinkle in her bright blue eyes.

Miss Busse and about forty of her feminine friends in the younger set of Oak Park society formed an organization which they named Cupid's Club. That was the nucleus of Cupid's clearing house.

Miss Busse was elected president, Miss Fay Ware vice president, and Miss Clara Scott secretary and treasurer.

"You all know what our purpose is," said President Busse, as she unflinchingly began her executive address.

Some of the members giggled; others solemnly nodded their heads.

Declaration of Principles.

"We must have a declaration of principles," continued the president, "but—"

and her face flushed a trifle—"it is not leap year, and we haven't the legal right to set our own rules."

"It's time we waived the right," interrupted a rotund young woman, rising from behind a big oil painting in the parlor of Miss Ware's home, where the first meeting was held. As if scared by the sound of her own voice in such a speech, the second speaker immediately hid herself again behind the picture.

"Speech! Speech!" cried half a dozen feminine voices.

Persistent calls brought the young member again to her feet. Not one of the forty will reveal her name, but any one of them is "perfectly willing" to tell what she said at that secret session. This is the way she is quoted:

"Since you must know what I think, I repeat: It's time we usurped the right. Chicago girls are so hedged about with conventionalities that it is no wonder they fall in love with the first man they meet at the seashore or summer watering place. Cupid no longer has a ghost of a chance in the city. People nowadays, even some of the very best people think they have to live in horrid flats that are just as crowded and stifling as the 'modern' houses that have no porches, and are lacking in everything else presenting an opportunity for spooning. How many of you ever did any spooning?"

Dead silence.

"The trouble with city girls is," added the young woman, "they don't get acquainted with enough young men. They are just simply hothouse beauties, and when their mothers pick out young men they would like for sons-in-law and introduce them—and then only—to their daughters, why, the hothouse flowers nearly wilt in the unaccustomed sunshine of the men's smiles and think it is love. Perhaps we are all situated, but there are thousands of young women and thousands of young men in Chicago who have opportunities to meet almost no one except those with whom they work in offices or stores. Their circle of acquaintances ought to be enlarged, and I propose that we go about enlarging it."

"Bravo!" chorused the party, as the speaker again hid behind the oil painting.

"Miss—must have given the subject a good deal of thought," suggested the president.

Give Heart a Chance.

Then another young woman arose. She had come prepared to make a formal speech, for she held the notes in her hand.

"I'm for the old-fashioned courtship," she began. "There's no romance in courtship nowadays. Young people meet in the most formal fashion, attend formal parties or the theater, and propose and accept according to the cold, unfeeling rules of etiquette. What we must do is to conduct a campaign that shall enable love to develop. The heart must have a chance."

"This meeting is like Chicago's love making," spoke up Vice President Ware. "It's altogether too formal. I move we adjourn and talk it over."

The motion was carried. Then the young women got together in knots and all talked at once. The outcome was that the club decided to send invitations to forty young men to attend the club's first party. Each young man was requested to be prepared to sing a song or tell a story, and was informed that the "affair" was to be informal.

Receipt of the invitations was the first inkling the young men had of the fact that a Cupid's Club was in existence. The news aroused their curiosity. There was not a single declination.

At the party the young men asked many questions. All they could learn of the objects of the club was that it was organized with a view to "getting acquainted."

Each of the young men knew only one or two of the hostesses when he reached the scene of the party, but he knew them all as soon as introductions could be made, and the evening was passed with songs and stories and an occasional "kissing game." The youths were told to spread the news among their acquaintances that the club was a "medium of introduction," that henceforth the meetings would be open to any young man or young woman of the suburb who could "qualify."

By thus bringing together many young persons who otherwise might never know of the existence of one another the club becomes a clearing house for Cupid. Since the organization was effected, less than a month ago, Miss Busse has received many inquiries from all parts of Chicago relative to the club's plans. Arrangements are being made to form similar clubs in other portions of the city, and then to have interclub parties. This programme will make Cupid's clearing house complete.

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Louvre Glove Co.

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Remember, these are not lamb-skin gloves, but genuine glace kid; 16-button length; all shades; sold everywhere at \$3.50. For this sale only.....**\$2.85**

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|---|---------------|
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| Men's Mocha Gloves in tans and browns..... | \$1.50 |
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Finest Marabou and Ostrich Feather Boas, in black, white, and brown; sold for \$18 to \$25. Sale price.....**\$10**

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STYLES change in gift-making almost as frequently as they do in garment-making. This year the proper thing to give is something to use, something to wear, something that will constantly remind the recipient of the good will of the giver. We have made a special effort to provide for our customers a line of useful gifts at prices that will be particularly acceptable at this season. With this in view we purchased a fine assortment of the better kinds of furs from a high-class New York furrier at a saving of one-third on the exclusive furriers' figures. This saving is yours. We are also able to offer a special sale of waists for the holidays. What nicer gift can you find for friend or relative than a good set of furs or a pretty waist?

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Our mink pieces are made of the most carefully selected skins; are exceptionally dark and rich in color, and of a soft, fine texture in all the most popular shades.

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We offer in this popular fur a number of very attractive values. The skins are all dark and handsome. They are made in various shapes and styles, and are real bargains.

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The fur in these sets is soft and silky in texture. They are made with large throw scarf and pillow muffs; a beautiful gift for misses or young women, and one sure to be appreciated.

Sets, \$25

RUSSIAN PONY COATS

Our selection defies competition. The skins are all "Leipzig dyed," and are carefully chosen. Our coats are made from whole skins and are not pieced. We have a full line from the jaunty, braided military effects to the seven-eighths length for evening and automobile wear.

Prices range from \$35 to \$135

SPECIAL SALE OF WAISTS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

We purchased in New York last week—they just came yesterday—two hundred waists, and every one is a dream. Not one single old, discarded style among them. Every one a brand-new, up-to-date model, never before shown. They are made of fine laces, nets, and taffeta silks. In ordinary times they would sell from \$7.50 up to \$10 each, but we will make a special sale of them, while they last, at

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